#### Jupiter Jenkins, Schoolmaster.

The Love Story of a Red-Headed Offl. BY STANLEY EDWARDS JOHNSON.

"Joy! non placet" wrote the red-headed it uncomfortable for her. She had to remain girl in the back seat of the wide, oblong after school and get the whole lesson. Jupischoolr.om. Mr. Harrison Jenkins, the presiding genius of the place, stood scowling schind his desk, struggling with the class a teacher of the girl. He broached the subin Latin. These young boys and girls, who lect to Mrs. Coffin. "Geraldine," he began looked plyingly up to his dark face, were "is out out to be a teacher." Mrs. Coffin looked pityingly up to his dark face, were struggling with the verb "sum."

The lesson had been poorly prepared, and the issue of thunderbolts were soon expected to shower from this pedagogical Olympus. At last it came.

Mr. Jenkins brought his fist down upon the plain deal board with a thump that awoke every a nguid mind in the room.

"Is this what you come to school for?" he began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the Jenkins was right. That was the usual conway you use one of the most precious gifts cluster about Mr. Jonkins in the little viltus, a whole class of bright boys and girls, with brains enough to do anything you desire in smiled a smile that made her mother look there is a smile that made her mother look. this gre t world, throwing away the greatest opportunity of your lives. If this was an institution for weak-minded children I would have some compassion for you. But your have some compassion for you. But your faces are all bright, and your eyes all clear, when she came to Jupiter's throne and in

ept," so to speak.

He had conceived the ambition to

started in astonishment. "Yes, she is," he affirmed, with a thunderbolt, "and she ought to be sent to a normal school. I never went to one and what I know about teaching has been gained by experience. But there is no mistake. The learning of methods means something in these days, and I'm sure that if Geraldine we sent to a normal school she will make a first-rate teacher."

and yet you will come to me with such a her sweetest and calmest marger thanked lesson as this?" Mr. Jenkins punctuated him for his kindness and said she would do



AND IT WAS SIMPLY THIS-I LOVED Y OU! I WANT YOU ALWAYS.

is not pleasing to Jupiter." Gerabline Coffin was Mr. Jenkins' pride. He had no favorites, at least such never appeared in the hille commonwealth, which he held in the hollow of his hand. But in Gerald ne he was intensely interested, and "She ain't no more fun," they all agreed, he often found in her his greatest irritation.
While Mr. Jenkins held the whole of his fifty odd young spires in the hollow of his hand the rel-headed girl was the one person he was not quite sure of. Geraldine had given him the name of "Jupiter," and it

shaggy head shakes so, and his blue eyes letter which confirmed all that worthy had flash, all I can think of is Jupiter sending thunderbolts to earth"—and in this remark | When Geraldine returned at the end of her thunderbolts to earth"—and in this remark
Geraldine had christened him. Many times
he had thought he had heard the name in the hard opinion they had entertained of "Jupiter Jenkins"—but he had never been able to capture one of these erring mortals. Of course he knew he was called "Jupiter," he had been fold so by admiring parents, the had been fold so by admiring parents, work as a schoolmaster in the little seaport. of course he knew he was called to the had been told so by admiring parents, work as a schoolmaster in the little sea who knew he would be pleasel, and he town. He had been studying law, and

But it is with the red-headed girl that this he had uved before his schoolroom in a story is chiefly concerned. She was the only story is chiefly concerned. She was the only human problem that Juditer Jenkins could not solve. Geraldine Coffin had been on inmate of the school room only a few days when Mr. Jenkins discovered that she possessed an unusual mind. He laid his plans to make the most he could of her. He was accustomed to use the carable of the falents in the school room and to say that to whom much wan given much would be required. The getting of lessons was an easy matter to Geraldine Coffin. She not only learned them, but the truths and principles were digested and stored away, until the day which would

call them into use.

Jupiter Jenkins was accustomed to say that digested knowledge.

He had come to complain to Geraldine's mother that her daughter sometimes failed in her lessons and that it was inexcusable in one who had such a mind. "I have come to tell you this, Mrs. Coffin, when I would not take the trouble to laform another mother, for this reason, and this alone: Geraldine had on unusual mind and she can make anything she pleases of herself. If she knows you and I are one in this matter she will not care to trouble us by neglecting to get her lesscos."

Geraldine's mother was as much flattered as any other woman would be and of course Jupiter Jenkins was upheld. Thus he deal: with Geraldine, conscious of his power. He endeavired to make her fail and whenever she did she was compelled to remain after school and get her lessons.

But, with a wonderful mind, there was a somewhat wayward nature, in the texture of Geraldine Coffin's personality. She was often rough and hoydenish and she caused no end of trouble. With the deep interest young master took in her a sense of er developed. When Mr. Jenkins supposed he had her solidly in his control there would burst forth a fit of "don't care" in

her, which astonished and alarmed him. Then the thunderbolts flew to punctuate the master's fluent words of indignation. "When one has the mighty gift of brains," he thundered, "and life's road lies before to choose what is best and highest, to be lazy and languid, and not to reach the arm to grasp the golden apple of the intellectual

Hesperides, is the greatest wrong.
It was then that Geraldine, her color It was then that deraiding trifle higher, slightly brighter and her head a trifle higher, to her seat and write "Jovi would return to her seat and write "Joy non placet"—"It is not pleasing to Jupiter. There were certain rare facts about Ger-

aldine that Jupiter Jenkins, in his teacher's enthusiasm, had not noticed. One of these was that she was a very pretty girl. But if he had been impervious to this fact there were others who had not, and among those were some of the big boys in the school. Geraldine was growing and she was now tall and lithe of figure, with her big blue eyes clearer and more expressive, as she looked at people. The true soul of a rather designing maiden was showing forth from them. She was glad to receive attentions and it smote Jupiter hard when he observed

that she walked with one and then with another in the still and balmy spring evenings. Just why it smote him as it did Mr. Jenkins never knew until a few years later. But it did, and Geraldine's face seemed

to have framed itself into the center of his thoughts. She recurred to his conscious-ness constantly and when he thought of these big boys he was truly uncomfortable. He had another conference with Mrs. Cof-n, in which he suggested that Geraldine had better be kept in the house, and made to give closer attention to her lessons. When he called her in recitations he was also doing his best to make the girl fail. And when she did fail he did his best to make

"She ain't no more fun," they all agreed

Geraldine took new interest in school, She

Geraldine entered the normal school, and passed her preliminary examinations with extraordinary success. She was one of the three highest out of a large class. The fitted so well that it was at once adopted by all his subjects. The veteran principal of the school knew human nature at a glance. He wrote to Jupiter a

> was "up in the city," and was making a When Geraldine finished her course in the normal school she received the highest com-mendation, and the old principal happened to find a good place for her in the same

When Geraldine had come into his office at the end of her first quarter, it was the first intimation that he had received of he presence in the city. She said she had come to make a payment, and while she spoke poor Jupiter was turning all sorts of ruddy

"But I hadn't heard you were here. Geraldine," he said, 'I have been thinking of you, too, and wondering if I should hear from you. Of course I knew I should. But somehow I cannot get you out of my head, girl," this was punctuated with one of the old-time thunderbolts. "Fact is, Geraldine, I've only just found out, why I treated you so hard when in school. And it was simply this—I loved you! I want you always; I want you lto make me happy, to be my

Geraldine smilled, as she raised her face and received the salute from his lips 'I knew that was the matter all the time," she said.

KEEN LITTLE GOORKHAS.

Ninety Scouts on the Indian Frontier Who Rarely Lose a Man. Letters and telegrams from the front, re

ates the Calcutta Englishman, have recently been full of references to the Goorkha "scouts," and all correspondents are unanimous in praising the skill and ourage of these sturdy little men, who have taken a prominent part in almost every action that has been fought since our troops left Shinawari. The scouts, who come from thously trailing within a canyon which led the one-third and one-fifth Goorkhas, only through the breaks or bluffs south of Crow the one-third and one-fifth Goorknas, one can be considered and are divided into two Creek valley. After we had ridden for some number ninety and are divided into two hours down the arroyo, which deepened parties under the command of Lieutenant two hours down the arroyo, which deepened and became quite rough as we advanced, and became quite rough as we advanced. They have been specially trained, on shiker Bow-Legs pronounced the trail very fresh, principles, to discover and kill the enemy. At last he halted just as he was on the turn companied by remarkable pictures. He writes principles, to discover and kill the enemy. At last he halted just as he was on the turn and those who have seen them work remark of a sharp corner and motioned for us to of "My Bedouin Friends" in the February that they set about their business with a patient tenacity, combined with dash and As we j valor, most marvelous to behold. Divested of all superfluous clothing, but carrying an | Following close in his wake, I had the valextra supply of ammunition, they cautiously ley of Crow Creek burst suddenly upon my work their way up hill, taking every adview and I saw that the Indians had pick-vantage of cover, never throwing away a shot, always alert, till the enemy's pickets tepees on the banks of the stream, some ment called el kemengeh, a kind of twoand advance skirmishers have been driven all yards back. Ken-sighted and with all the wood-charged, man's instinct for correct deductions from visible evidences, they have been always able to locate the enemy's main line of de-fense and estimate his numbers, performing with accuracy and judgment the duties and a Winchester of sensitive feelers to the army, duties in its magazine. which in level country would devolve upon The evident consternation of the Indians cavalry. In retirements, again, in always and their rush for their horses took all nopresenting an almost impalpable but ever baffling front to the foe, they have been able to fall back on the main body time after time without losing a single man. Indeed, though they have now been engaged about thirty times, their casualities have amounted to only about one man killed and three wounded, while they have ac-counted for about 100 of the enemy in killed alone. It is said that had time allowed, and, had they been left to their own de-

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. Now she came hurbying toward us. I shall of time, when men and camels and horses

## THE RESCUE

Thrilling Incident of Life on the Plains Graphically Told.

AN INDIAN RAID AND THE REVENGE

inliant Charge of Cowboys Upor Plundering Indians and the Rescue of a White Woman Captive.

On the morning of July 3, 1873, I was sit ing in the shade of our adobe ranch build ing on the bank of the South Platte, says a writer in Youth's Companion, when noticed a man staggering along the dusty trail to the north of the horse corral.

"Some drunken pilgrim from Julesburg," thought; for although Julesburg was nearly 100 miles distant, I knew that more than one tramp had there bought enough "tangle foot" to keep him drunk until he either reached Denver or lost his scalp on the way I regarded the man lazily until he came so near that his head and features began to

take definite shope. Then I saw, with alarm that his batless head was literally the color of blood, and that his shirt front was marked with dark streaks. I got up and hurried to meet him. To my horror, upon a near approach, I discovered that he bid not only been wounded in the head, but had een actually scalped !

I will not attempt to describe his frightful condition. Yet he had full control of his faculties, and began rapidly telling his sad story as I put my arm bout him to steady

his walk. He had been traveling toward Denver from the east, driving a light wagon which contained only himself, his wife an! a few contained only himself, his wife and a few household articles and provisions. They had camped on the river about two miles below our ranch the night before. About doylight, just as they were getting breakfast, they had been pounced upon by a party of mounted Indians, who rode out from the mouth of a gulch close at hand, and opened fire upon them.

was frying a pan of bacon," said the man-his n me was William Rosamond-"when suddenly I heard them yelling. I looked up, and just got a glimpse of thema dozen or fifteen, I should say-when they began firing, and I felt what might have been a stroke on my head, and no more. When I woke up I was the way you see me. The wreck of my wagon was there, but my wife and horses were gone. And so I st g-gered away, and here I am; and whether I ought to thank God I didn't see my wife lying there dead is more than I know. I suppose they've carried her away a pris-

At the sight of the poor man there was in me a fury of desire to punish the flends who had so mutilated him; and when he begged me to go at once to the nearest post for help to rescue his wife I said: "There's no need. As there were only twelve or fifteen we'll try it ourselves."
"Rouse! rouse!" I shouted to my men in he hut. Fortunately there were in it five of

PURSUIT OF THE REDSKINS. They roused instantly, and were as sur-rised, herrified and fierce as myself at the dreadful plight of Rosamond. While I set about washing and dressing his wounded head they bolted some food and coffee, sad dled horses, and declared they would follow the Indians anywhere, if only their trail

could be struck and kept.
The bullet, I found, had struck Resamend on the temple near the left eye, and had not penetrated the skull, but had passed around under the skin and come out behind around under the skin and come out bemind the ear. The scalping-knife had bared the skull on top in a circle about four inches in diameter. I soon had the wounds dressed and bandaged; then, at his urgent request,

we left the man to care for himself.
With a two days' ration in our saddle-

on every side, we became satisfied that Mrs. Rosamond had been taken captive. Then we took the trail of the ponies of the Indians, and of the two shod horses they had

As this trail led us across the sandy valley to the north, we judged the party to be Cheyennes or Sioux, for Arapahoes or omanches would, most likely, have taken the opposite direction.

"Bow-Legs," our expert tracker, formerly "pony express" rider, rode in advance at a jog trot over hard ground, and at a gal-lop across the frequent sand tracks, all the time leaning forward, with his face beside his pony's neck, and his eyes following the prints of the shoes of the shod horses. And se, about moon, he led us up to the high land which formed the divide between the Platte and Crow creek. The day was clear, hot and fortunately devoid of that haze or mi rage which so often prevails in that region "Now, boss," said Bow-Legs, "get out your glass and take a squint down across bout fifteen or twenty miles ahead. The Indians have only been riding at a jog, and

they ought to be in sight."
As I was superintendent of a large "round-up," I always carried in my saddle holsters a signal-service glass of first-rate power. Now, after a moment's scrutiny my binocular happened to eatch the savages just as they were going over a ridge. I had time to count sixteen horsemen and a num-ber of led animals before they disappeared. "Only sixteen of 'em!" said Bow-Legs. Good enough! We'll make things warm

He had, in fact, "stood off" thirteen lone on one occasion. On another he had whipped nine Utes single-handed and had chased the four survivors several miles—so much did his new breech-loader overmatch their bows and arrows and inferior guns. As our Indians were going north we were confident they would camp on Crow Creek, and we jogged easily after them. They evidently had no fear of pursuit, as they were traveling in a squad and going leisurely. In fact, such isolated outrages as the one they had just committed usually went unpunished in these days and they probably thought their crime would not soon be discovered. as they had assailed the Rosamonds on an old trail that was little used.

THE CHARGE AND RESCUE.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon we were cautiously trailing within a canyon which led

As we joined him he gave a wild yell and dashed the spurs into his horse's flanks. He 300 yards away. Straight at their camp we stringed fiddle. charged.

When I first saw them they were scattering in a dash for their ponies. We dug spurs into our animals and flew at them like rockets. Each of us carried a revolver and a Winchester carbine with fifteen shots in its magazine.

The evident consternation of the Indians and their rush for their horses took all notion of fear out of us. We went straight for them and began firing before half of them had cut their ponies loose and mounted them. Those who first reached their second.

them had cut their ponies loose and mounted them. Those who first reached their beasts slashed the picket ropes, mounted bare-back and galloped down the creek at their best pace. Some of the others, however, were too late and we were fairly upon a half dozen of them when they had no more than got to their horses. It was not a fight, but a rout, for the In-

wices, the Goorkha scouts would finally have wormed their way to the top of that terrible them succeeded in getting away. We did not follow them, for our ponies were worn diers were struck down. with travel and it seemed better that Mrs. Rosamond should be taken to her scalped husband as soon as possible.

She was unharmed and had been unbound in one of the tepees when our firing began.

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ible memory from her eyes.

eautiful to see.

ive and be just as well as ever.'

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"Yes-they did," I said. "But he

The expression of joy on her face was

Besides recovering Rosamond's horses, we

aptured seven ponies, three Springfield car-

nes, one Winchester and five good saddles

After a few hours of rest we set out for

he ranch, which we reached about 10 clock the next morning. We found Rosa

mond in a high fever and dangerously ill But, thanks to his wife's nursing, he finally

recovered and for two years afterward the couple cooked for us at the ranch, which

always seemed to me a most presaic occu-pation for people who had come through an

A BARD OF THE DESERT.

The Gift of Song Enjoyed for Genera-

tions by a Bedonin Family.

Mr. R. Talbot Kelly, the English artist, is

contributing to the Century a series of

articles about Egypt and the desert, ac-

number. Mr. Kelly says of the tribal

He was an old man, gray-bearded and sun

dried; and the look of importance upon his brow was repeated in the expression of re-

bing his hands together, the old man be-

to which the son played a kind of second in a minor key which it is impossible to

ranscribe correctly in our annotation. Beginning like the sighing of the wind

among the paim-trees, it gradually gathered power and volume in a crescendo, then died away again to a breath, playing in-

finite changes upon the opening theme. The effect was distinctly artistic and quaint, and I was gradually drifting into a state of dreamy imaginings when suddenly the bard broke silence, and in a voice of amazing

adventure so extraordinary as theirs.

Fruit and Vegetables SPECIALTIES-Strawberries, Apples, Orangea Lemons, Cranberries, Potatoes, 1917 Howard St. were in plenty, the head shelk decided upon the conquest of Tunis. Admirably accom-panied on their instruments, one seemed to ever forget the poor woman's wonder when we told her that her husband was alive.
"Why, I saw them—" and she shuddered and put her hands up as if to hide the hor

hear the hurried riding of messengers dis-patched to summon distint families; their horses' hoof-strokes gradually dying in the distance until naught was heard but the sighing of the night wind across the desert. Presently from far away was caught the distant thundering of the gathering hordes gradually approaching nearer and nearer until the volume of sound culminated in a general salutation to the sheik who summoned them. Then came the shelk's exhorta-tion, and the description of their desert journey, which was to occupy many months Incidents by the way—heat, thirst, noise and dust by day, and the eternal silence of the desert by night, the brightness of the stars, the waxing and waning of the moon, the hardships, excitements, plenty and poverty of condition—were, each in turn, graphically described, to the same weird

ecompaniment. Hour after hour this went on, the bard's eye gleaming and his voice growing stronger and stronger, until I was almost stunned by its thundering monotone. Meanwhile the tribesmen, shifting excitedly in their seat and uttering quick ejaculations of approval constituted a scene which kept me spell-bound. Eventually, in the parrative, Tunis was reached, and the horde of Aribs en-camped beneath its walls.

It was now midnight, and for four long hours I had listened to this wonderful epic but realizing that I was too thoroughly exhausted for further amusement, I decided to "turn in" and getting up, I left the assembly in the zenith of their excitement and

Don't senoy others by your coughing, and risk your life by neglecting a cold. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, croup Argument in Luctgert Case.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—The trial of Adolph L. Luetgert for the murder of his wife. Louisa, came to an end today as far as the taking of testimony is concerned. State's Attorney McEwan at once started in on his closing address to the jury. It is expected that arguments of counsel will take up a week.



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